NEW ROOM, OPERA HOUSE.

MISS ABRAMS' CONCERT,

FRIDAY, APRIL 24th, 1795.

ACT I.

OVERTURE——*Pleyel.*

GLEE——*Cooke.*

QUARTETTO——MESSRS. CRAMER, F. CRAMER, W. ABRAMS, and LINDLY——*Pleyel.*

SCENA——*Bianchi.*

CONCERTO, FLUTE——MR. ASHE.

SCENA——*Cimarosa.*

SESTETTO——*Zingarelli.*

ACT II.

GRAND OVERTURE——*Haydn.*

ODE, Six Voices——*J. S. Smith.*

SONG——*Carlo Monza.*

CONCERTO, VIOLONCELLO—MR. LINDLY.

BESS OF BEDLAM——*Purcell.*

FINALE.

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ACT I.

FAIRY GLEE, Four Voices. *Stevens.*

Suppoſed to be written by Ben Johnſon.

FROM Oberon in fairy land,
The King of ghoſts and ſhadows there,
We Fairies all at his command,
Are ſent to view the night-ſports here.
What revel rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where we go;
We will o'er-ſee,
And merry be,
And make good ſport, with ho, ho, ho!

When lads and laſſes merry be,
With poſſets and with juncates fine;
Unſeen of all the company,
We eat their cakes and ſip their wine:
O then what ſport,
The wine runs ſhort,
The bluſhing cheeks with anger glow:
Their cakes they miſs,
And ſhriek who's this?
We anſwer nought, with ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadows green,
We nightly dance, our hey-day guiſe;
And to our fairy king and queen,
We chaunt our moon-light minſtrelſies.
Fiends, ghoſts, and ſprites,
Who haunt the nights,
The hags and goblins do us know:
And beldames old
Our feats have told;
So frolick it, with ho, ho, ho!

SCENA. Signora STORACE.

Bianchi.

ADDIO.... Ma tu ſoſpiri?
Ah ſon pur cari quei ſoſpiri a un amante
Il sò, paventi per la mia vita.
E il ciglio tuo mel dice
Ah non temer mio cara
Mà che? tu piangi ancora
Oh Dio! ſe neſto, ſento che a poco
M'abbandona il coraggio
E l'ardir mio forſe... Mia diva
Ah non reſiſto... Addio.

Tergi o cara il dolce pianto
Non moſtrarmi il tuo dolor
Se non vuoi ch'io perda il vanto
Dell' uſato mio valor.
Vado ardito al gran cimento
Ne pavento il mio periglio
Mà vorrei quel caro ciglio
Più tranquillo oh Dio laſciar
Piangi ancora! Ah tu conſola
Quell' affanno a me funeſto
Qual ſarà ſe non è queſto
Il più barbaro penar.

SCENA. Mrs. HARRISON.

Cimaroſa.

RECIT. ACCOMP.

NUMI, qual duol, qual gelo,
Mi ricerca le vene,
Staccandomi la lei.
Miſero .. oh qual fier tumulto d' affetti,
Mi circondano il ſen.
Come in un punto, gloria, dovere, amore,
Strazian d'un Padre,
E di un Romano, il core.

ARIA.

Prendi l' eſtremo addio,
Vanne a morir coſtante,
E id sì fatale iſtante,
Penſa che ſei mia figlia
Ne avrai di morte orror.
Che ſmanie, oh Dio! che affanno.
Che barbaro tormento,
Ah nel laſciarlo io ſento
Sento che laſcio il cor.

TESTETTO

Mrs. HARRISON, Mr. HARRISON,

Mr. BARTLEMAN, and the Miss ABRAMS.

Zingarelli.

Pir. S'ARMI la Greccia,
Or ch'io ti laſcio in abbandono;
Figlio d'Achille io ſono,
La Greccia affronteno
Cli. Miſera ei parte,
Oh Dio più ſpeme non mi reſta,
Pirro mio ben. *Dar.* Tarreſta, tarreſta;
Pir. Che vuoi da me?
Dar. La ſpoſa; *Pir.* Così mi parli audace;
Dar. Tema di te non ho di tutto ſon capace;
Amor m'infiamma allira.
Pir. Del temerario ardire,
Farti pentir ſaprei; ma troppo debole ſei.
Dar. Non inſu tarmi; *Pir.* Degno agl'occhi miei,
Di ſdegno non ſara mai Darete.
Dar. E tanto ſoffro oh Dio!
Cli. Ah per pietà, *Pir.* Nò, non ti odo.
Dar. Smanio, deliro, d'ira, di duol, d'amor fremo.
Pir. Nel più tremendo eſtremo,
Intrepido, e il mio cor.
Dar. Mora il tiranno.
Polis. Ah fermati, *Dar.* Vile, *Pir.* Che avenne?
Tutti. To palpito,
Polis. Signor tu tremi; *Gle.* Ah perſida, di Pirro
Il ſen traffigere con nera infideltà!
Cli. Ah che mai dici; *Gle.* Il vero, ecco l'acciar.
Polis. Mi perdo. *Pir.* Queſt' è fè, l'amore
Gle. In lei fù menſognero. *Pir.* Ma come
Uliſſe. Il genitore rendicar vuole in te.
Pir. Parla, *Polis.* Oh Dio, *Gle.* Parlar non oſa.
Cli & Gle. / *Dar. & Pol.* } Pende la anima [dubbioſa fra { lo ſdegno / la tema } o lo ſtupor
Pir. Empia preparati a ſpirar;
E l'ombra plachiſſi del genitor.
Polis. Sò che pietà merito, ne trovo oh Dio pietà.
Cli. & Dar. Sò che pietà non merito, e pur mi fà pietà.
Polis. German Darate. *Dar. & Gle.* Scoſtati
Polis. Pirro mi laſci, *Pir & Cli.* A morte.
Polis. Faziati o ciel tiranno,
D'un diſperato affanno,
Che ſpaſimar mi fà.
Pir. In faccia all empio inganno,
Quel ſuo ſmanioſo affanno,
L'alma placar non sà.
Gle. & Dar. Del mio deſtin tiranno,
Provo un regretto affanno,
Che ſoſpirar mi fà.
Uliſſe. Del fortunato iſtante
Non provo tema o affanno,
Se vendicar mi sà.

ODE for Six Voices. *J. S. Smith.*

Written by Milton.

BLEST pair of Syrens! pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born, harmonious ſiſters! Voice and Verſe!
Wed your divine ſounds and mix'd power employ,
Dead things with inbreath'd ſenſe able to pierce
And to our high-rais'd phantaſie preſent
That undiſturbed ſong of pure conſent,
As ſung before the ſapphire coloured throne
To him that ſits thereon
With ſaintly ſhout and ſolemn jubilee
Where the bright ſeraphim in burning row,
Their loud, uplifted angel trumpets blow,
And the cherubic hoſt in thouſand choirs,

II.

Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With thoſe juſt ſpirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy pſalms,
Singing everlaſtingly
What we on earth, with undiſcording voice,
May rightly anſwer that melodious noiſe;
As once we did, 'till diſproportion'd ſin
Jarr'd againſt Nature's chime, and with harſh din
Broke the fair muſic that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whoſe love their motion ſway'd
In perfect diapaſon; whilſt they ſtood
In firſt obedience, and their ſtate of good.
O may we ſoon again renew that ſong,
And keep in tune with Heav'n, 'till God ere long
To his celeſtial concert us unite,
To live with him, and ſing in endleſs morn of light.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. *Carlo Monza.*

SUPERBO di me ſteſto,
Andro portando in fronte,
Quel caro nome impreſſo,
Come mi ſtà nel cor.
Dirà la Grecia poi,
Che ſur communia a noi,
L' opre i penſier gli affetti,
E' al fine i nomi ancor. *Da Capo.*

SONG. Signora STORACE. *Purcell.*

BESS OF BEDLAM.

FROM ſilent ſhades and the Elyſium groves,
Where ſad departed ſpirits mourn their loves,
From chryſtal ſtreams and from that country where
Jove crowns the fields with flowers all the year,
Poor ſenſeleſs Beſs, cloath'd in her rags and folly,
Is come to cure her love-ſick melancholy.

Bright Cynthia kept her revels late,
While Mab the Fairy Queen did dance,
And Oberon did ſit in ſtate,
When Mars at Venus ran his lance.

In yonder cowſlip lies my dear,
Entomb'd in liquid gems of dew,
Each day I'll water it with a tear,
Its fading bloſſom to renew.

For ſince my love is dead, and all my joys are gone,
Poor Beſs for his ſake,
A garland will make,
My muſic ſhall be a groan.

I'll lay me down and die,
Within ſome hollow tree,
The raven and cat,
The owl and bat,
Shall warble forth my elegy.

Did you not ſee my love as he paſt by you;
His two flaming Eyes, if he come nigh you,
They will ſcorch up your hearts!
Ladies, beware ye,
Leſt he ſhould dart a glance that may enſnare ye.

Hark! hark! I hear old Charon bawl,
His boat he will no longer ſtay,
The furies laſh their whips and call,
Come away, come away!
Poor Beſs will return to the place whence ſhe came,
Since the world is ſo mad, ſhe can hope for no cure,
For Love's grown a bubble, a ſhadow, a name,
Which fools do admire, and wiſe men endure.
Cold and hungry am I grown,
Ambroſia will I feed upon,
Drink nectar ſtill and ſing;
Who is content,
Does all ſorrow prevent,
And Beſs in her ſtraw,
While [illegible] as great a king!

THE END.